

THE LESSONS OF THE FLOWERS.

These flowers are God's own syllables;
They plead so lovingly, they lead
So gently upward to the hills!
If we might only learn to read!
If we might only learn to read and know
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years
ago!

I think we then should all receive,
Should know the beauties of mysteries,
Should joy with one wide common voice
As joy the great earth-circling seas!
Could we but read as Christ would have
us read!

We then might know the living God indeed!

And this the lesson, this the book
That lies wide open now as then,
Come, read one syllable, come look
How broader than the books of men!
Come eat the pathes of this harmony
Of beauties toll - then all the world is free!

-Joaquin Miller.

NYE ON HIS TRAVELS.

He Meets a Hard-Fisted Farmer and Engages in Conversation.

Various Matters Talked About.

N board a western train the other day I held in my bosom for seven and a half miles the elbow of a large man whose name I do not know. He was not a railroad hog or I should have resented it. He was built wide and he couldn't hit it, so I forgave him.

He had a large, gentle kindly eye, and when he desired to spit he went to the car door, opened it and decorated the entire outside of the train forgetting that our speed would help to give scope to his remarks.

Naturally as he sat there by my side, holding on tightly to his ticket and evidently afraid that the conductor would forget to come and get it, I began to figure out in my mind what might be his business. He had pounds one thumbis so that the skin was black where the blood had settled under it. This might happen to a shoe-maker, a carpenter, a blacksmith or most anyone else. So it didn't help me out much, though it looked to me as though it might have



been done trying to drive a fence nail through a leather hinge with the back of an axe, and nobody but a farmer would try to do that. Following up this clue I discovered that he had walked on his boots and then I knew I must be right. The man who walks before daylight, in a dark barn, when the thermometer is down to 25 degrees below and who hits his foot and misses his pants, by reason of the cold and the uncertain light and the pridishness of the cow, is a marked man. He cannot conceal the fact that he is a farmer unless he removes that badge. So I started out on that theory and remarked that this would pass for a pretty hard winter on stock.

The thought was not original with me for I have heard it expressed by others either in this country or Europe. He said it would.

"My cattle have gone through a mowful of hay since October and live on top of brand. Hay don't seem to have the goodness to it that it had last year, and with their new process grass mills they jerk all the juice out of brand, so you might as well feed cows with excelsior and upholster your horses with hemlock bark as to buy brand."

"Well, why do you run so much stock? Why don't you try diversified farming, and rotation of crops?"

"Well, probably you got that idea in the papers. A man that earns big wages writing Farm Hints for agricultural papers can make more money with soft lead pencil and two or three season-cracked ideas like that I can carrying of 'em out on the farm. We used to have a feller in the drug store, in our town that wrote such good pieces for the Rural Vermonter and made up such a good condition powder out of his own head that two years ago we asked him to write a nessay for the annual meeting of the neckwear Trust, and to use his own judgment about choice of subject. And what do you suppose he had selected for a nessay that took the whole forenoon to read?"

"What subject, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Give it up."

"Well, he'd wrote out that whole blamed intel ectual wad on the subject of 'The Inhumanity of De-horning Hydraulic Rams.' How's that?"

"That's pretty fair."

"Well, farmin' is like runnin' a paper in regards to some things. Every feller in the world will take and turn in and tell you how to do it even if he don't know a blame thing about it. There ain't a man in the United States to day that don't secretly think he could run airy one if his other business busted on him, whether he knows the difference between a new milch cow and a horse hayrake or not. We had one of these embroidered night-shirt farmers come from town better'n three years ago. Been a toilet soap man and done well, and so he came out and bought a farm that had nothing to it but a fancy house and barn, a lot of muddier in the front yard and a southern aspect. The farm was no good. You couldn't raise a disturbance on it. Well, what does he do? Goss and gits a passle of slim-tailed yellow cows from New Jersey and aims to hand cream and diversified farming. Last year the cows sent a load of cream over and tried to sell it at the new creamery while the funeral and hollerest was goin' on. I may be a sort of a clump myself, but I read my paper and don't get left like that."

"What are the prospects for farmers in your state?"

"Well, they are pore. Never was so pore in fact, since I've been there. Folks wonder why boys leave the farm. My boys left so as to get protected, they said, and so they went into a clothing store, one of 'em, and one went into hardware and one is talking protection in the legislature this winter. They said that farmin' was gittin' to be like fishin' and huntin', well enough for a man that has means and leisure, but they couldn't make a livin' at it, they said. Another boy is in a drug store and the man that hired him says he is royal feller."

"Kind of a rascal royal feller," I said, with a shrift of laughter.

He waited until I had laughed all I wanted to and then he said:

I never drank lieker in any form. I've worked from ten to eighteen hours a day, been economical in cloze and never went to a show more'n a dozen times in my life raised a family and learned upwards of two hundred calves to drink

Moxie Liver Tonic.

Break a cold in twenty-four hours, and prevent one under the most severe exposure, while their use do not render you more likely to take cold afterwards. Every woman keeps a few in her reticule for an emergency. The cold, damp days, you'll find lots of pop's in the dirigibles of street cars, sit piping one on their tongue. It costs a package of thirty-six. Druggists everywhere.

Moxie Nerve Food Co., Lowell, Mass., Proprietors.

The entire wheat crop of the United States could be grown off Dakota's wheatland if tilled, and even then there would remain a vacant area larger than the combined surface of the States of New York, Maryland, Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island.

Itching Plaster.

Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching and tingling; most at night; worse by scratching. If it oozes out contains tumors which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. It will not heal, unless a doctor is called and the local doctor extracts and removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing skin diseases. Dr. Swaine & Son, proprietors, Philadelphia. Swaine's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A clergyman has been caught making clippings from brooks at the British Museum.

Baby carriages in the latest styles. Catalogue from L. G. Spencer, 1407 Milledge Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The latest census gives Dakota a population of 508,477, a gain during the year of 62,474.

Deadness Can't Be Cured.

He died and was buried. His son can't cure him. His son can't cure him.

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